MISSION OF PICTURES.

DIVINE SERVICES IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

American Cities Need Great Galleries of Paintings-Men of Wealth Should Bulld in the Place of Their Residence Thrones for American Art.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28. - The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning. A vast congregation attended the service. The pastor expounded a chapter about the room of imagery in Ezekiel, after which the hymn beginning:

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,

But there's a nobler rest above, was sung. Professor Browne presided at the grand organ and rendered a concerto in B flat by Handel. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "The Divine Mission of Pictures." His text was Isaiah, chapter 2, parts of the twelth and sixteen verses: "The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." He said:

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph. and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a

canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil. It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pliny, the elder, lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater

of sin, the better. Never till the Books of the Last Day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The shop windows of English and American cities in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp and Handel's organ and Gottschalk's piano and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salenacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking pictare galleries. The great intelligence abroad

about the Bible did not come from the gen-

eral rending of the book, for the majority of

the people read it but little, if they read it

at all; but all the sacred scenes have been

ink, but the pictorial art, must have the

credit of the achievement. First, painter's

pencil for the favored few, and then en-

graver's plate or wood cut for millions on

millions! What overwhelming commentary

on the Bible, what re-enforcement for patri-

archs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what

distribution of scriptural knowledge of all

nations, in the paintings and engravings

therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the

Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Wash-

ing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael,

the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague

into Egypt;" Rubens' "Descent from the

Cross;" Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper;"

Claude's "Queen of Sheba;" Bellini's "Ma-

donna at Milan;" Orengna's "Last Judg-

ment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, display-

ing, dramatizing, irrradiating Bible truths

until the Scriptures are not today so much

on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as

in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833

forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came

a child that was to celipse in speed and bold-

ness and grandeur anything and everything

that the world had seen since the first color

appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul

Gustav Dore. At 11 years of age he pub-

lished marvelous lithographs of his own.

Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it of the at-

tention of the world, he takes up the Book of

books, the monarch of literature, the Bible,

"The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial

of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren,"

"The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth,"

"David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration,"

"The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen,"

and 205 scriptural scores in all, with a bold-

affintus that make the heart throb, and the

brain reel, and the tears start, and

ness and a greep and almost supernatural

and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light,"

and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art gal lery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." Profess you to be a Christain man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man!

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful laying on of colors, or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire," and by "Turner's Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation, West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English army, and through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued, and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones huried at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of monoy after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Aleyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destriyed. In of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign Charles the First it was ordered by parlia-ment that all pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the Eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland in 1707 indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's hosts;" "to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness;" "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard," "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his "to putting on a new handle on Moses" basket and fitting bulrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till as a painter he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord 1888, and within twelve years of the Twentieth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect! Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings: one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in ary of \$64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than any one but God can re-There needs to be a concerted alize. effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg; and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I think this is the first sermon ever preached that made a pica for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little put before the great masses, and not printer's or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston, and Inman, and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affinent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men, and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the morals, and save the souls of

those who gaze upon them. Brooklyn, and all other American cicles, need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but and I will help you make it! I suggest sig which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning unt.1 10 o'clock at of the Fiery Scrpents;" Tintoret's "Flight | night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the and good companionship;" on the third step, morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in whi h our population daily drudge! Or on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from what a good thing the half hour of artistic this world;" on the sixth step, "Heaven! opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what W. W. Corcorna did for Washington, and what I am told John Wanamaker, by the donation of De Munkaesy's great pieture "Christ before Pilate," is going to do for Philadelphiat Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place of consolution on that subject. There are during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence, a throne for American act! Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art pallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting, who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of children are of more importance than pictthousands of people, who, marble to have the pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim though appreciative of all that engravings the checks blanch, and the entire nature of others. Some of the best people and paintings can do, they are in perpetual

ail, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king. and eulogium enough to embarrass a scrapb. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphiology to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the beart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead, and one hundred and fifty years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good among those whose great-grandfather was your great-grandchild. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cometery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splenders which under the chardelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under. The tower of Pavid was hung with one thousand dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be bung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that net which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Caraccil Farewell, dear pictures!" As the day of the Lord of Hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of wood cut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of these scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world wide language; but the pictorial is always a world wide language, and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only these in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which claborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a bar room, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's bouse with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eter-

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words, Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his Sermon on the Mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a 'city on a hill that cannot be hid,"! and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures-Shakespeare's tragedies a picture, Victor Hugo's writings all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works all pictures-why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor. the power of thought that car be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or peneil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that? After making the picture, put it on the wall, or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience of parents;" on the second: "Sabbath breaking;" on the third: "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth: "Murder," and on the fifth and top step: "A gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them. Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghest and washed in the blood of the Lamb," on the second step, "Industry "A Christian home with a family altar," on the fourth step, "Ever widening use!ulness;" heaven! beaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thrones! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there, too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands, and some of them are here today, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their house-holds, and trend and schooling for their ures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of archites; are they dwell in clumsy abodes, and quake with the tremendous things of Gel sleeping in Greenwood have no mediumentant deprivation. You are going, after you get on Careago Herald.

the sirth step of that stairs just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes through which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At the evelorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his night in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes, she said. "Well," said the blind man "is there a general on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said, "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the roply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting year the wheel of a cannonf" "Yo," the said. "Stop right there?" said the blind man. "That is the last thing Lever saw on earth! What a time it was, Jenny, when I lost my eyesight? But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own-dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying "There from that bill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last say it. But what a grand thing to get celestral vision, and stand here before the evelorama of all worlds whole the Ruler on the white horse goes on "conquering and to compaer, the moon under his feet and the stars of beaven for his tiara!

CLIPPINGS FROM THE EXCHANGES. "Old Hutch" gave Ben Butler the first law

ease be ever bad. A Howell, Mich., man brags of a pumpkin vine seventy nine feet long.

John L. Sullivan tins made and spent \$300, 100 in the last turee years.

Dr. William Pepper refuses to accept pay for his services to the late Gen. Sheridan,

Lord Tennyson, now nearly 83, will, for the first time, abandon England during the winter to seek the Riviera.

Viscount Vanbrook, one of the oldest members of the British peerage, prides himself on never having read a novel. Deer are fast being exterminated in the

mountains of Oregon, and the legislature will be asked to adopt measures for their A machine which lays railroad ties and

tracks by steam power is reported to have been given a successful trial in Washington Mrs. Ella Kelly, of Hopeston, Ills., has de-

signed a "national quilt" to be sent to the wife of the next president immediately after his inauguration. The greatest shooting ever done in a single

day was by Lord Walmingham on his moor on Aug. 30. He killed 1,058 grouse in thirteen hours, there being forty drivers, The experiment of exploding shells between decks has been tried on the ship Re-

sistance. She is said to be a complete wreck internally from the repeated explosions. The new Persian minister to this country, Ghaoly Khan (Khan means colonel), expresses the opinion that the women of America are the most beautiful in the world.

The emperor of Austria makes his immediate attendants miserable by smoking villianous eigars. The finest brands he will not use, but smokes the cheap eigars used by the Vienna cabmen.

A part of the house of the Rothschilds Rothschild museum, in which all the souvenirs of the family are to be gathered together. The grand vizier of Constantinople has is sued a decree forbidding the publication of morning newspapers in that city. Hereafter only evening papers will be allowed.

The yale sophomeres have declared against hazing. They are entitled to commendation. Although the practice of hazing has disap peared from most American colleges, its modern prototype, "rushing," still lingers.

Fraulein Senkrah, otherwise Miss Hark ness, the American girl who recently gained an enviable reputation in Germany as a violin player, has married a lawyer at Weimar, and will be heard no more in public,

King Humbert of Italy.

Another royal invalid is King Humbert of Italy. For some time rumors have been current that he was ailing, but it is only within the last few days that I have received definite details regarding his disease. Humbert was born on the 14th of March, forty four years ago, and thus should be in the prime of life; but, if we are to believe his physicians, both his heart and his liver are seriously affected. The latter has given him considerable trouble for many years, but of late he has been subject to fainting fits, the first of which occurred during the university celebration at Bologna last summer. Since then the attacks have increased in frequency, his appetite has diminished and he is rapidly losing strength.

The fainting fits are attributed by the physicians to hypertrophy, or enlargement of the muscles of the heart, which is making rapid progress. The liver trouble only manifests itself at long intervals, but at times produces such paroxysms of pain that the patient is compelled to bend himself double and grasp the edge of the bed to enable him to support the agony. As in both these diseases, that of the heart and Lyer, the composition of the blood is affected, poor King Humbert would seem to be in rather a bad way .- New York Press.

A Wife's Ingenious Scheme.

The death of the Comtesse Battuyani, who died, aged 72, on Oct. 7, recalls a most ingenious method which she adopted in 1849 to prevent her husbane from being hanged He was the Hungarian premier, and had been sentenced to death. She smuggled a dagger into his cell, with which he wounded his throat, and had to be shot instead of hanged.-New York San.

A Gigantie Mu-broom.

The phenomenon at the Paris fair is a gigantie mushroom, which his sprung up in a garden in the neighborhood of Limoges. extraordinary effort of nature was first no ticed a few days ago in the midst of a plot of cabbages. It was then as large as an ordinary hen's egg; now it measures over two feet in circumference.-New York Sun.

Caused by a Cloudburst.

There was a cloudburst in Coyote Creek, Ore., the other day, and Joseph Organ, who was building a barbed wire fence in the valloy at the time, had to quit on account of the atmosphere being charged with electricity to such an extent that sparks if, w from the nip-Lers with which he was fustening the wire.

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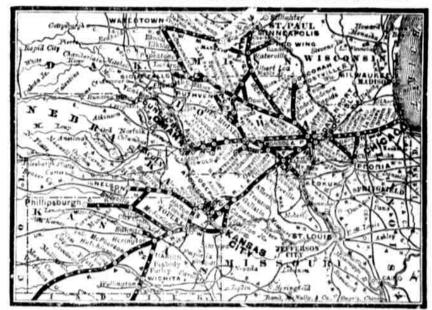
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